

WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERYONE FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY.

The Public have an opportunity to purchase shares at 25 cents in the largest Lead and Silver mine in the Southwest. A mine that will pay large dividends from the starting of its plant. We have all the mineral in sight that we can work in a lifetime. No one has disputed this fact—no one can dispute it.

Everyone who has examined it pronounces it a mammoth mine of wonderful possibilities. For a short time only will the public have a chance to get these shares at any price. When the treasury shares are exhausted and the company starts its concentrators and begins to pay dividends, the stock cannot be had at all. He who is undecided now will then wish he had acted with promptness and decision and secured stock when the promoters were giving it away for one cent on the dollar of its actual value.

In the two months that the company has been developing their property the work has resulted in discovering all the water they need, and in that time they have mined and taken out One Thousand Tons of Concentrating Ore, and uncovered 16 feet of shipping ore which runs from 50 to 60 per cent Lead. This showing certainly proves all that has been written or said about the property.

Parties who fail to take advantage of this sale of treasury stock of the New Mexican Lead Company will surely miss the opportunity of a lifetime.

Don't wait, expecting a canvasser to call on you, for we have no agents. You must go to the office, or write for prospectus to C. B. James & Co., No. 14 Bronson Block, El Paso, Texas. Parties at a distance can send their orders by mail or express, or through any bank.

FOR REFERENCES SEE PROSPECTUS.

Any Parties who contemplate purchasing a large number of shares will have their expenses paid to and from the mine if they do not find every statement in the prospectus substantiated by their own investigation.

For those of small means there never was a better opportunity to better their conditions.

A FEW BRIEF ILLUSTRATIONS.

People who do not take the time to inquire into the results of small investments in large mining properties sometimes will say: "What's the use of buying a thousand shares in a million dollar company? It don't amount to anything." To such we give a few examples out of hundreds of companies, that to own one thousand shares of their stock would mean a sure income of no small amount, which at the beginning of their sales of treasury stock one could have bought at a very moderate sum. Such is the history of good mines under experienced and faithful management, and we can judge of the future only by the experience of the past.

One thousand shares of Quincy or Tamarack would insure an income of nearly \$6,000 per annum. The same number of shares in Calumet & Hecla would return about \$33,000 annually. The Alaska-Treadwell pays about \$1,500 annually on each thousand shares, while the Homestake of South Dakota pays \$6,000. The Richardson mine of Nova Scotia pays \$1,250 on each thousand shares from ore that averages only about \$2.50 per ton. The New York Engineering and Mining Journal of February 17, gives a list of 286 dividend paying mines that to own a thousand shares in any one of them would mean a very respectable income. As a rule a company sells its first issue of treasury shares at a very low price, twenty-five cents per share would be a high estimate of the average, so, if one estimates from a basis of first cost, he is receiving all the way from 200 to 300 per cent on his actual cash investment. For example the Le Roi stock was sold for about five cents per share when the mine first started; this stock is now quoted in London at \$25. Isabella of Cripple Creek sold as low as three cents per share originally; it is now worth \$1.28, that is to say, one could have bought one thousand shares for \$30 which are now worth \$1,280. The buying of treasury shares when they are being sold at a

discount by a good reliable company owning a promising property, is both profitable and legitimate. There are few avenues of trade that offer safer investments, and certainly none more profitable.

We consider the properties of the New Mexican Lead Company equal in promise to any of those above cited, and we take pleasure in calling your attention to the sale of the second 100,000 shares of their treasury stock which has just been placed on the market at twenty-five cents per share.

Following is our engineer's estimate on the profits the company will derive from working the mines with a concentrating plant, concentrating six tons into one:

A concentrating plant with a capacity of 100 tons every 24 hours would produce in concentrates 16 2/3 tons daily, which would average 70 per cent lead per ton and 60 ounces of silver. The value of the day's product would be as follows:

16 2/3 tons of concentrates at 70 per cent lead, or 23,332 pounds of lead at \$4.25 per 100 pounds, would bring.....	\$ 991 61
One thousand ounces of silver at say 55 cents per ounce.....	550 00

Thus giving a gross value for each day's work of.....	\$1,541 61
The cost of mining and concentrating 100 tons of ore would be.....	\$150 00
The freight to smelter would be.....	300 00

The daily net profits would be.....	\$ 1,241 61
The net monthly profits would be.....	\$37,248 30
Or about 3 3/4 per cent a month dividend upon the capital stock of the company.	

Flattering as it is, the above statement is still underestimated, as the development work in the mine shows a large percentage of ore that will average 35 per cent lead, which would, at the very highest estimate, only concentrate two and one-fourth tons into one. This would increase the daily output of concentrates and a corresponding increase in the daily profits.

Address: **New Mexican Lead Company,**
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same by tent and the same rations. When the comrades had failed to discover whether Haskins was married or single, divorced or a bachelor, a man had been deeply wronged or a woman had been wronged. We knew that he could get nothing what we had him as to his past—he turned to him and said to us:

"I can't make him out, and I'm going to try any further. If he want to be one of us, let him

get down on Private Haskins to the extent that he was socially outcast. That meant more than I can explain to you. We gave him credit for his soldierly qualities—and it was useless to deny that he was a brave man—but he was forced to live alone, as it were, in the midst of thousands. He noted every move made against him, and many of them must have hurt his feelings and added to his burdens, but no one ever heard him complain. I believe he secretly was glad of his isolation. It gave him time to think and meditate, and he would do this by the hour. We didn't misjudge the man, I am glad to recall, but we simply ostracized him in a social way, just as society crowds out the man who tramples on the conventionalities. On his part he must have felt that no words of sympathy from us could have made his case better, or he would have "chummed up" and been one of us.

By and by, after two or three battles, strange whispers were circulated about regarding Private Haskins. He courted death. He had gone down into the fray with shut teeth and flashing eyes and taken such chances that he was called a devil on one hand and a fool on the other.

Men who watched him closely denied that he was looking for promotion, or a record. He was seeking to end it all on the battlefield. There was nothing more in life for him, and it would be better to die with a sword in hand than to smelt out his own life like a coward. Our respect for the man increased, but yet he was still outlawed and we still carried a feeling of resentment against him.

One day, in the depths of the forest, while winter still held its grip on the land, I came across him lying at full length on the ground. He was moaning and weeping. For ten minutes he sobbed as a man does only when some great sorrow has wasted his strength, turned back his years and taken him back to childhood. Awe and frightened and wondering, I crept silently away and left him with his grief. Two hours later I met him to find that he had conquered himself. It seemed as if there was a new line of care in his face and that there was a new touch of silver in his hair, but he was not to betray his secret. He did not know that his struggle had been witnessed, and I was dumb as to what I had seen.

A week later Troop Q was sent out on a scout and rode into a tight place. It was reported that all of us did our duty in the half hour's fighting, but there was only one hero. Even with the pistols flashing and the sabers whirling I watched Private Haskins as he waved his saber on high and thundered into the thick of the melee. He fought to kill and be killed, but death passed him by.

We whispered to each other that he was a hero, deserving of a medal of gold, and we esteemed and exalted him, but the circle did not open to let him in. He was not of our rank—he had not been for a year—and no act of his in

battle could make him so. He knew it as well as we did, and he made no advance. He had our respect and admiration in the fullest, but he did not have and did not wish for our comradeship and sympathy. We knew that there are things which must lie buried in the human bosom forever and ever, no matter what the cost, but yet we resented it when our sympathy was refused.

It was two weeks after our fight when I was detailed on vedette duty with Private Haskins. We were to take the post together. In the winter camp behind us there was the hum of preparation for the spring campaign. In the quarters of the enemy, a dozen miles away, there was the same excitement. We rode to a post on the highway and dismounted under a tree. I remember that the sun shone warm, the buds were starting, and here and there a robin was raising his glad song. Little was said between us, and by and by Private Haskins fell into one of his moods.

From the corner of my eye I watched his pipe put at longer intervals until it finally died out. He looked straight ahead of him across the field or the wall as his ears drank in the notes of the birds. He forgot that I was near. His thoughts went back to the old grief, and I saw the changes in his soul written on his face. There were joy and gladness; there were grief and pain; there were wavering and determination. At the end of a quarter of an hour he suddenly sobbed in his throat. Then he rose up and started across the field toward the wall.

"What is it, Haskins? What do you see? Hold on!" I called to him, but he never halted or turned his head.

"Come back!" I called. "A sharp-shooter may be hiding behind the wall! Come back!"

I heard him gasping and sobbing as he pushed forward. I would have run after him and caught him, as one might a somnambulist who was approaching the edge of a precipice, but just then our horses reared and snorted and required my strongest efforts to prevent them from breaking away. When I could look around, the man was nearly at the wall. I was about to shout at him again, when he stopped, threw up his arms and sank down, and he was lying on his back on the frostbitten grass before I heard the report of the rifle which had slain him. Then a squad of cavalry dashed out and tried to capture me, and I went thundering up the road toward the reserve picket with bullets singing louder than the robins.

Half an hour later I was back with a squad. We charged past the dead man on the grass and up to the stone wall, but no one was in sight. All that we saw was the peaceful farmhouse beyond; all that we heard were the voices of the birds.

The enemy had been to view the man they had slain. From one of his pockets, in searching for what might be worth carrying away, they had taken an old letter—a letter dated years before and in a woman's hand. They had read it, or at least a few lines of it. Then they had spread it out on his breast and left him with body unsearched, perhaps lifting their hats in reverence as they turned to ride away.

We saw the letter and lifted it up and realized that therein was the trooper's secret.

"Let no man read it!" commanded the captain. "It belonged to him. He

is dead." And, holding it aloft in his hand, he touched the letter with a lighted match, and as the paper shriveled and curled and became ashes, to be carried away by the breeze, we uncovered our heads and said:

"It was his secret—his and God's!"—New York Press.

Trusts and Wages.
"Did you say that trusts were the means of rising wages?"

"Certainly," answered Senator Borah. "I know the president of a combination who has raised his salary four times in the last two years."—Washington Star.

A Revelation.
General Benjamin F. Tracy, ex-secretary of the navy, was once trying a case in the city court which involved the liability of a provision dealer for unwholesome pork. The point of issue turned upon trichinosis, and the word was bandied about by counsel and scientific experts. The most interested auditor was an old court officer, who listened to all the arguments, especially to those of the general.

"Oh, but that was an instructive episode, general! I knew that pigs were unhealthy animals, but I never knew they had tricky noses before!"—Saturday Evening Post.



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